



## MISCELLANY.

## VILLENEUE.

BY L. W. TRASK.

A Tale founded on real occurrences in Paris.

'And where his glance of anger darkly fell,  
Hope withered fled, and mercy sighed farewell.'

'Marie,' said M. Villeneuve to his beautiful daughter, 'I despise you—I hate you...I even hold in contempt the memory of the mother who bore you.'

'Say not so, dear father,' replied the distressed girl, kneeling before him and weeping bitterly, 'do not utter such cruel words; my mother may have wronged you, but she sleeps in the grave, impute not her crimes to me. I know my own heart, I have always been your dutiful daughter.'

'Girl,' said the unfeeling Villeneuve, 'you are doomed—I have sworn it—for this purpose I have permitted you to live: I have watched your infancy with care that my revenge might be sweet; I have reared a beautiful flower, that I might pluck it from the stem, and cast it down to be trodden under foot. Every effort I have made to improve your mind, has sharpened the arrows that shall pierce your heart. You shall stoop to crime,—you shall experience the hell of conscience—the net is prepared and you cannot escape!'

'Oh my God,' exclaimed Marie shuddering, 'I may well look to heaven...for I am deserted on earth. Father, do not sacrifice your child...do not involve her in the awful, the dreadful consequences of crime, impose any amount of suffering, any penance, but do not, I implore you, leave me in the power of a cold, unfeeling world.'

As she uttered this, she clung to the monster who meditated her destruction. She raised her eyes imploringly to his, and understanding her fate, buried her face in her hands and flowing ringlets, on her father's knee. He shook her rudely off, walked two or three times around the room, drew his sword and presented the point to her breast.

'Marie,' said he roughly, the daughter must atone for the mother's transgressions, I have sworn it, do you remember the jewellers shop in the Rue St. ....?'

'I do,' said the terrified girl.

'Then,' said the father, 'I require you to steal from that place a necklace of diamonds, worth a hundred thousand francs, or this sword shall do its duty.'

'Steal a necklace of diamonds!' repeated the girl, raising her eyes at the same time to her father's face, but this determined look convinced her that farther entreaties would be in vain.

'Choose,' said Villeneuve in the tone of a pirate, choose.'

'Strike,' said Marie with firmness.

'Fool...fool,' he exclaimed with a contemptuous sneer, 'descendant of a brainless race...a servile spiritless crew...retire poor idiot.'

There is a point where endurance ceases, there is a reaction that comes to our aid on the very verge of despair, and renders us triumphant over the most adverse circumstances. Marie rose tearless...the spirit of her ancestors inspired her...and her black eyes flashed with just and honest indignation.

'Fool...idiot, did you say M. Villeneuve,' she exclaimed, 'I will convince you that your charge is unfounded...furnish me with a carriage.'

The carriage came—Marie stepped in—and alighted in about an hour at the gate of the 'Hospice de la Bicetre.' She was disguised in a mask, and appeared to be a lady about thirty-five. The superintendent came out and she said to him:

'Monsieur I have a son laboring under insanity. He talks of nothing but necklaces of diamonds, the loss of his situation, the anger of his master, and other matters totally unknown to me. I imagine he has some love affair. I weep day and night for his unhappy situation. I wish to place him under your care; and if you can cure him, you shall be generously rewarded. If it is convenient, I will bring him to you within an hour.—Do be at the gate about that time.'

She slipped a piece of gold into his hand, and the overseer assured her that he would receive her son, and make every exertion in his power to cure him. She entered her carriage; and stepped in a short time at a jeweller's shop in the Rue de....., and enquired for a necklace of diamonds.

The jeweller had several, but she was pleased with one which he valued at a hundred thousand francs.

'Monsieur,' said she, 'will you be so

good as to send your clerk home with me and my husband will pay him the money—I have only half the sum with me, and I presume you would prefer receiving the whole of it at once.'

The apparent gentility and honesty of the lady, caused the jeweller to acquiesce in this arrangement. Marie took the necklace—the young man got into the carriage with her, and after taking a circuitous route, they stopped at the gate of the hospice de la Bicetre.

The superintendent was there. Marie got out and whispered to him:

'This is my son—remember he will speak of necklaces and diamonds—cure him if you can.'

To the young man she said:

'This is my husband, he will pay you the money—follow him.'

She entered her carriage and drove off and the clerk followed the overseer into the abode of the insane.

'Well,' remarked the young man after a brief pause, 'I came to receive the money for a necklace of diamonds.'

'Necklace of diamonds,' repeated the overseer...but are you afraid of losing your situation,' he continued, attempting to sound his patient.

'I am,' replied the youth, 'if I do not return immediately, I am certain of it.'

'I understand you,' remarked the superintendent, 'a necklace of diamonds, loss of your situation, that is the story to the letter. I will attend to you soon.'

'I will return immediately,' said the clerk, 'pay me the hundred thousand francs and I will depart.'

'You shall be attended to,' replied the overseer; 'here, let me feel your pulse.'

'I will not be trifled with,' exclaimed the youth sternly, 'I am on important business. I am not sick or insane, pay the money and let me go.'

'I understand you,' answered the overseer, 'but stay, there may be imposition, let us see, who bought these diamonds?'

'The lady in whose carriage I came; to receive the money; she said you was her husband,' replied the clerk.

'I am not her husband; we will go and see your master.'

The superintendent accompanied the young man to the jewellers shop, and ascertained the whole truth, but it was too late; the lady had disappeared and could not be found.

Marie stepped into her father's room, and cast the sparkling necklace on the carpet. 'Descendant of a brainless race,' she retorted, 'trace me if you can.'

'I will go to the jeweller, in the Rue St. ...., and have you arrested,' muttered Villeneuve.

'Suppose I did not get the necklace there,' remarked the daughter.

'The minister of Police shall be informed of the affair and—'

'He will attend to you,' interrupted Marie; 'he has received information that you hide stolen goods in your house.'

'Mon Dieu,' said the baffled villain, 'your time has come; you have called for the execution of your sentence, shall one girl out-general the whole regiment, you shall die!'

'M. Villeneuve,' said the maiden sternly, 'should you harbor malice against me for the alleged crimes of my mother, you have attempted vengeance; you may succeed, but I will escape if I can.'

Villeneuve drew his sword; Marie stamped on the floor and three armed men entered.

'Villeneuve?' exclaimed the young duke of—, 'your daughter is mine,—her devotion to you has delayed her acceptance of my proposals of marriage; she owes no duties to you now, she leaves you forever.'

Cowardice is always connected with guilt, and Villeneuve made no exertions to prevent the departure of his daughter. She snatched up the necklace, and accompanied the young nobleman to his carriage. They were married, the necklace was restored to its owner, and the happy couple repaired to a villa owned by the duke in Italy. The beauty, talents, and generosity of the daughter of Villeneuve, were highly prized by the society in which she moved.

Villeneuve was brought to the guillotine a short time after, and confessed that he had secretly murdered his wife, to possess an estate which he was to have at her death. The continued remorse under which he labored, urged him to destroy his daughter, whose virtues and innocence made him feel the deep and insupportable nature of his transgressions.

## THE DEFORMED GIRL.

Memory—mysterious memory!—holy &amp;

blessed as a dream of heaven to the pure in spirit—haunter and accuser of the guilty!—Unescapable presence! lingering thro' every vicissitude, and calling us back to the past...back to the dim and sepulchred images of departed time—opening anew the deep fountains of early passion—the loves and sympathies of boyhood—the thrilling aspirations of after years! While the present is dark with anguish, and the future gladdened by no sun-bow of anticipation, I invoke thy spell of power. Unroll before me the chart of vanished hours; let me gaze once more on their sunlight and shadow!

I am an old man. The friends of my youth are gone from me. Some have perished on the deep, others on the battlefield, afar off in a land of strangers; and many—very many, have been gathered quietly to the old church-yard of our native village. They have left me alone—even as the last survivor of a fallen forest—the hoary representative of departed generations. The chains which once bound me to existence have been broken—Ambition, Avarice, Pride, even all that wakes into power the intolerable thirst of mind. But there are some milder thoughts—some brighter passages in the dream of my being, yet living at the fountain of memory—thoughts pure as angelic communion, and linked by a thousand tender associations to the Paradise of Love.

There was one—a creature of exalted intellect—a being, whose thoughts went upward like the incense of flowers upon God's natural altars—they were so high and so unlike to earth. Yet she was not proud of her high gift. With the bright capacities of an unbodied spirit, there was something more than woman's meekness in her demeanour. It was the condescension of a seraph intellect—the forgiveness and the tears of conscious purity extended to the erring and passionate of earth.

She was not a being to love with an earthly affection. Her person had no harmony with her mind. It bore no resemblance to those beautiful forms which glide before the eyes of romance in the shadowy world of dreams. It was not like the bright realities of being—the wealth of beauty which is sometimes concentrated in the matchless form of woman. It was Deformity...strange, peculiar Deformity, relieved only by the intellectual glory of a dark and soul like eye.

Yet, strange as it may seem, I loved her, deeply, passionately as the young heart can love, when it pours itself out like an oblation to its idol. There were gentle & lovely ones around me...creatures of smiles and blushes; soft tones and melting glances. But their beauty made no lasting impression on my heart. Mine was an intellectual love...a yearning after something invisible and holy...something above the ordinary standard of human desire, set apart and sanctioned, as it were, by the mysteries of mind.

Mine was not a love to be revealed in the thronged circle of gaiety and fashion...it was avowed underneath the bending heaven; when the perfect stars were alone gazing upon us. It was rejected; but not in scorn, nor in pride, nor in anger, by that high-minded girl. She would ask my friendship...my sympathy; but she besought me...ay, with tears besought me, to speak no more of love. I obeyed her. I fled from her presence. I mingled once more in the busy tide of being, and ambition entered into my soul. Wealth came upon me unexpectedly; and the voice of praise became a familiar sound. I returned, at last, with the impress of manhood on my brow, and sought again the being of my dreams.

She was dying. Consumption, pale, ghastly consumption, had been taking away her hold on existence. The deformed and unfitting tenement was yielding to the impulses of the soul. Claspings her wasted hand, I bent over her in speechless agony. She raised her eyes to mine, and in those beautiful emblems of her soul, I read the hoarded affection of years; the long smothered emotions of a suffering heart. 'Henry,' she said, and I bent low to catch the faltering tones of her sweet voice, 'I have loved you long and fervently. I feel that I am dying. I rejoice at it. Earth will cover this wasted and unseemly form, but the soul will return to that promised and better land, where no change or circumstance can mar the communion of spirit. Oh, Henry, had it been permitted...but I will not murmur. You were created with more than manhood's beauty; and I—deformed—wretched as I am, have dared to love you.'

I knelt down and kissed the pale brow of the sufferer. A smile of more than earthly tenderness stole over her features, like an omen of the spirit's happiness. She was dead. And they buried her on the spot which she had herself selected; a delightful place of slumber, curtained by

green young willows. I have stood there, a thousand times in the quiet moonlight, and fancied that I heard, in every breeze that whispered among the branches, the voice of the beloved slumberer.

Devoted girl! thy beautiful spirit hath never abandoned me in my weary pilgrimage. Gently and soothingly thou comest to watch over my sleeping pillow, to cheer me amidst the trials of humanity, to mingle thy heavenly sympathies with my joys and sorrows, and to make thy mild reproaches known and felt in the darker moments of existence; in the tempest of passion, and the bitterness of crime. Even now, in the awful calm which precedes the last change in my being: in the cold shadow which now stretches from the grave to the presence of the living, I feel that thou art near me,

'Thyself a pure and sainted one,  
Watching the loved and frail of earth.'

## FITZMAURICE THE MAGICIAN.

'I have lived three hundred years! In that time—in all that time, I have never seen the glorious sun descend, but followed still its rolling course through the regions of illimitable space. I have shivered on the frozen mountains of the icy north, and faintly beneath the sultry skies of the blazing East; the swift winds have been my viewless chariot, and on their careering wings I have been hurried from clime to clime. But, nor light, nor air, nor heat, nor cold, have been to me as to the rest of my species; for I was doomed to find in their extremes a perpetual torment. I howled, under the sharp, pinching pangs of the icy north; I panted with agony in the scorching fervour of the blazing East; and when mine eyes have ached, with vain efforts, to pierce the darkness of the earth's centre, they have been suddenly blasted with excessive and intolerable delight.

All the currents of human affection—all that makes the past delightful, the present lovely, and the future coveted, were dried up within me. My heart was like the sands of the desert, parched and barren. No living stream of hope, of gladness, or of desire, quickened it with human sympathies. It was a bleak and withered region, the fit abode of ever-during sorrow and comfortless despair. I was as a blighted tree, that perishes not at the root, but is withered in all its branches. Tears, I had none. One gracious drop, falling from my seared orbs, would have been the blessed channel of pent-up griefs that seemed to crush my frenzied brain. Sighs, I breathed not. They would have heaved from my bursting heart some of that misery, which loaded it to anguish. Sleep never came. I was denied the common luxury of the common wretched, to lose, in its sweet oblivion, its brief forgetfulness, the sense of what I was. Death, natural death, closed his many doors against me. All that lived, except myself—the persecuted, the weary, and the heavily laden of man's race—could find a grave! I, alone, looked upon the earth, and felt that it had no resting place for me! God! God! what a forlorn and miserable creature is man, when, in his affliction, he can not say to the worm, I shall be yours! I might have cast away, indeed, the YEN-ARKON—the Giver of Life—the elixir of the Sibyl—but that would have been to subject myself to a power of darkness, in whose fell wrath I should have suffered the casting away of mine eternal soul!

Thus the stream of time rolled on, burying beneath its dark waves our little span of present, in the huge ocean of the pre-eternal past, and devouring, as the food of both, our swift decaying future. But I floated on its surface, and beheld while generations flourish and fade away, while age and silver hairs, growing infirmities, and the closing sigh that ends them all, mocked me with a horrible exemption. I remained, and might have remained, for ages yet to come, the fixed and unaltered image of what I was, when in Mauritania I encountered the potent Amaimon, the damned magician of the den, but for that...woman's faith, fidelity—which have made me what I AM!

'This was my destiny. Now mark how I became entranced to it; and how it befell, that at last I shook it off, and found redemption.

'In my middle manhood, when scarcely forty summers had glowed within my veins I left my native Italy, and journeyed to the Holy Land, upon the strict vow of a self-imposed penance. It was for no sin committed in my days of youth, but for the satisfaction of an ardent piety, and the growing spirit of a long enkindled devotion I had patrimonial wealth in Apulia; I had kindred; I had friends. I renounced them all, to dedicate myself, thenceforth, to the service of THE CROSS. My purpose was blessed, by a virtuous mother's prayers, that I might approve myself a worthy sol-

dier of Christ; and it was sanctified by a holy priest at the altar.

'Even now, the recollection is strong within me, of the feelings with which, as the rising sun illumined the tops of the surrounding hills, I approached the once glorious, and still sacred, city of Jerusalem—that chosen seat of the Godhead—that Queen among the nations. Eclipsed, though it was, and its majestic head trodden into the dust, by the foot of the infidel, my gladdened eyes dwelt upon what was imperishable, and my wrapt imagination pictured what was destroyed. The valleys of Jerusaphat and Gehinnon, Mount Calvary, Mount Zion, and Mount Acre, stretched before me. The palace of King Herod, with its sumptuous halls of marble and of gold—the gorgeous Temple of Solomon—the lofty towers of Phascolus and Mariamme—the palace of the Maccabees—the Hippodrome—the houses of many of the prophets—grew into existence again, beneath the creative force of fancy. I stood and wept. I knelt and kissed the consecrated earth which once a Saviour trod.'

Abridged from the Van Dieman's Land Magazine.

Mr. Batman, and others referred to, had removed from Van Dieman's Land, to Port Phillip, on the coast of New South Wales, with the intention of establishing themselves there as settlers and large sheep farmers. Soon after their arrival they were struck by the stately gait of the natives, by the color of many, and the European countenances of some individuals, and by the comparative civilization which prevailed. Rude embankments with tolerable stone facings were found in parts constructed across creeks and inlets, with convenient sluices for the purpose of catching fish at the fall of the tide. Several of the bank-shelters, or wigwams, were formed in a superior and comfortable manner, tolerably well thatched, with a narrow opening for the doorway, and fire place in front. Pieces of wood were hollowed or scooped out to serve as calabask buckets to carry water, & the dresses of kangaroo skins were neatly joined together with regular stitches, and cut away so as to form a convenient vesture. The settlers, however, had not domiciled themselves in their new position many days when these and various other indications of ingenuity were satisfactorily explained by the appearance of a white man clothed in a knagaroo skin cloak. He was at first rather timid in his approaches, but when spoken to kindly, and offered a piece of bread, he threw off his reserve, and after eating the bread with apparent relish, and looking at it as if endeavouring to bring something to his recollection, he exclaimed, with symptoms of delight glowing in his face, 'Bread!' Other English words soon returned to his memory, and he was at last enabled to communicate that his name was William Buckley; that he had been one of those who escaped from the encampment of the prisoners by the ship Ocean, formed by the late Colonel Collins in attempting, agreeably to the instructions of the British Government, to form a settlement at Port Philip in 1803; that he had lived ever since with the tribe of the aborigines whom he then met with in the bush, and over whom he had long exercised the rule of a chief. He is a very tall man, having served as a grenadier in Holland under the late Duke of York, is from 55 to 60 years of age, and in excellent health. Through the assistance of the new settlers, he has forwarded a petition to the Lieutenant-Governor, praying for a pardon, mainly with a view, we presume, to enable him to remain where he is, and to communicate the result of his intimacy with that interesting country, and the many valuable discoveries which he had made in it. This, we are glad to learn, his Excellency has kindly been pleased to grant, impressing at the same time upon him the expectation that he will continue to do all in his power to maintain an amicable intercourse between the aborigines and the whites; for he had already been the means of preventing a sanguinary attack of his tribe, through misapprehension, on the little party already settled there. In a philosophical point of view this discovery is truly interesting, and a narrative of his various vicissitudes during his long sojourn well told, would rival the classic work of Robinson Crusoe. Two other prisoners from the Ocean, absconded with him, but he had never seen or heard of them since the end of the first twelvemonth when he joined the natives.

A TEAR.—A tear is what? 'Tis the overflowing of the cup of sensibility, the index to a soul fraught with feeling, the aliment of a heart drooping in solitude; with the base, 'tis the arms of warfare against the innocence of loveliness, simplicity and beauty—with woman, 'tis the shield of defence against the wily and in-



sidious, her weapons of offence to the cold, the obdurate and the unfeeling; with the parent, 'tis the blessing of age on the offspring of youthful vigor and affection; with the child, 'tis the supporting staff of filial piety; with friends, 'tis the token of communion of souls; to the afflicted, 'tis the angel of consolation, the balm of Gilead to the wounded spirit, the dew of sympathy to the withering flowers of sorrow.

More than eighteen hundred years have gone by, since the Son of God descended, to redeem a fallen race. He did not come in the effulgence of supernal glory clad in dazzling robes, and attended by cherubim. The heavenly being assumed a mortal form the infant Saviour was 'wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger.' On this return of this natal day, the mind reverts to the sublime and affecting event, which marked his career. The flocks of Bethlehem are at rest, guarded by the watchful shepherds, and the angel of the Lord descends with his glad tidings, a celestial host suddenly appear, and exclaim 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will towards men.' A star appears in the East, and the wise men are guided by its light, to the abiding place of him who was 'born King of the Jews.' We hear the voice of maternal anguish, sorrowing for the youngest-born, slaughtered by the cruel Herod. We see the Baptist emerging from the Judean desert, and we hear the awful voice, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight.' We see the dove coming down through the silvery cloud, and we hear the voice proclaiming 'this is my beloved son.' We behold the transfiguration on the high mountains; the triumphant entry into Jerusalem; the sorrowful prostration in the garden of Gethsemane; the kiss of the betrayer. We see the son of man standing in solemn silence before his accusers: we see him nailed to the cross, and we hear his last cry of mortal agony, 'I am a sabbath.' A fearful scene succeeds: the veil of the temple is rent; the earth heaves, the sheeted dead arise from their sepulchres and walk about the streets of Jerusalem. A little while, and we behold him who was crucified, restored to life, and attended by his disciples. He gives them his last charge, and ascends to heaven, his great work of salvation being accomplished.

How should man show his gratitude for such boundless beneficence: what return can he make for the 'agony and bloody sweat,' of the redeemer, who bore the pangs of death and lay down in the dust of the grave, for him? He can make no adequate return, the great debt of gratitude cannot be cancelled; all that he can do is to govern his actions by the principles of that sublime Being, whom the earth will not behold again till the great day of doom when he shall come in the clouds of heaven.—N. Y. Courier.

'He that diggeth a pit, shall fall therein.'—The following remarkable incident, which, we are assured, happened in this city some years since, has never, to our knowledge, been related in print. A thoughtful young man went to an undertaker's, and ordered a coffin for Mrs.—, to be sent to a certain number and street, which he specified. The young man possessed the appearance and manners of a gentleman of respectability; and the undertaker, not dreaming in the least of any deception, repaired to the place specified, with the 'narrow house,' according to order. On ringing the bell, a genteel looking female came to the door and was asked if Mrs. Such-a-one lived there—or had lived there. 'She lives here now,' was the reply; 'I am she,' 'You,' exclaimed the astonished undertaker, 'and you are not dead then. I was ordered to bring this coffin for you.' 'For me,' ejaculated the lady, in a voice of mingled terror and astonishment, and fainted away. So strange an incident produced the impression which might naturally be expected in a mind of ordinary sensibility, and it was some time before she recovered from its effects.

But the young man, who, in a thoughtless moment, had committed so rash and cruel a piece of folly, did not so easily escape the consequences. The effect it produced on the lady, and the still more disastrous result which might have followed it, preyed on his mind. He became melancholy, pined in grief, fell into consumption, and in little more than a year required in reality the sad office which he had undertaken for the lady in a mere joke; and it so happened, that he was buried, in the identical coffin he had bespoken for her.—N. Y. Constellation.

The Gentlemen Amateurs at Toronto, recently represented Sheridan's comedy of the RIVALS, to a most overflowing audience. The following from the Upper Canada Courier, develops in language that cannot be misunderstood, the reception his Excellency Sir F. B. Head, met with on an occasion of all others when in a mixed and miscellaneous community, every facility was afforded for the effusion of the vanity of opinion, by which each party is influenced. It is evident, that already a reaction has set in, and that on the next meeting of Parliament, substantial evidence will be furnished of the fact, that the people have hitherto seen through a glass darkly, and that his administration will eventually remove the film which obscured their vision.

On Tuesday evening, the Gentlemen Amateurs of Toronto, represented Sheridan's comedy of 'THE RIVALS,' and the Farce 'No.'

At half past seven, his Excellency, accompanied by his Son and suite, entered the Governor's box, which, together with the lobby and stairs, was tastefully decorated with the Union Jack, and, other British flags. On the entrance of Sir Francis, the whole audience, ladies and gentlemen, rose simultaneously; and the band of the 15th Regiment, which was in the Orchestra, struck up *God save the King*; but so loud and deafening were the cheers, bursting from every quarter of an overflowing House, that the thrilling strains of the national anthem were drowned in the still more thrilling acclamations.—*Irish Advocate*.

St. Louis, April 29, 1836.

One of the most shocking and revolting transactions occurred in our city last evening about 9 o'clock, which have ever been witnessed in our country. The circumstances, as near as I can learn them, are as follows. A colored man, belonging to one of the steamboats, was taken into custody by the deputy sheriff, Mr. Hammond, and one of the constables named Mull, for some disorderly conduct. They had entered the court house yard when the negro struck Mr. Hammond on the chin with a large knife, which glanced and cut the main artery, so that he died in a few seconds. He then turned and struck at Mr. Mull, cut him in the abdomen so badly, that his life is despaired of. The negro fled and took shelter under a shed, and warned his pursuers from approaching him. One of them, however, with a brick bat broke his right arm...his knife dropped...immediately took it in his left hand, and made several attempts to stab those who took him. He was then lodged in jail.

A number of the citizens soon collected and were so exasperated that they demanded the keys of the jailer, or they would demolish the house. Resistance being useless, he delivered them up. They took him out, and, with nearly an unanimous voice, resolved to BURN HIM.

They then chained him to a tree a short distance from the court house, and placed under him a large heap of dry rails, which they fired; and one of the most revolting scenes ensued that have ever been witnessed here. The shrieks and groans of the victim were loud and piercing, and to observe one limb after another drop into the fire was awful indeed. He was about 15 minutes in dying. I visited the place this morning, and saw his body, or the remains of it, at the place of execution. He was burnt to a cinder. His legs and arms were gone, and only a part of his head and body was left. The scene was too sickening to contemplate, and I left it.

I have only time to add, that while numbers here deprecate, the manner in which it was effected, they think his crime so heinous that, terrible as its punishment was, it was merited.

#### THE FLORIDA CAMPAIGN TERMINATED.

LATEST FROM FLORIDA.—Termination of the Indian Campaign.—Lieutenant Van Buren, aid to General Eustis, arrived here this forenoon from Picolata, via Savannah, in the steam packet William Seabrook, from Savannah.

Lieut. Van Buren states that, owing to the commencement of the warm weather, the campaign had been brought to a close. The regular forces had gone into summer quarters at St. Augustine. There were supposed to be about 200 on the sick list at Tampa Bay and 80 at Valusia.

The regulars it is believed, will be kept in Florida, to garrison posts which may be important in the commencement of the next campaign. The Indians were no where in any force, and are supposed to be scattered all over the territory.

A smart skirmish took place at Valusia on the 14th of April which lasted about 30 minutes. Two of the whites were killed, a private and a sergeant, and one was wounded. Indian loss, if any, not ascertained.—*Charleston Patriot*.

From the Boston Transcript.

#### TEXAS.

By the arrival of the steamboat from Charleston, the New York publishers are in possession of late and interesting intelligence from Texas. The accounts are multifarious and discrepant. We give the sum and substance of them as condensed in the New York Star.

The war threatened by Santa Anna against the southern states, he has in part carried into effect, by calling in the aid of the Indians, and very materially strengthening his own shattered forces with their bands; in consequence of which, Nacogdoches has been abandoned. probably destroyed. Every town and hamlet has been destroyed...the men and women probably butchered. Houston, in considerable force is waiting for the enemy, & is daily receiving reinforcements; he has now 2500 men and, it is confidently said, will receive an addition of 2000 more within a month. Large sums are raised by individual contributions. Gen. Felix Houston gives \$40,000; Col. Woodfolk, \$10,000. Liberal aid in sums of \$500, \$1000, and in provisions, are raised.

Gen. Gaines has called for aid and will cross the frontier with his forces to act against the Indians, thus brought into the field by the treachery and folly of Santa Anna.

Georgia is in motion to revenge the massacre of Fannin. Tennessee, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia, will be in the field; the whole south and

West will be in motion, and in sixty days there will be a force sufficient to prevent the escape of Santa Anna, and destroy all his army. The war will be barbarous and bloody, but short and conclusive.

Later from Texas.—We learn by a gentleman of the name of Slaughter, who came passenger in the Steamer Privateer, from Natchitoches, (and only five days from Texas,) that Gen. Houston is at present encamped on the west side of the Brazos, opposite the plantation of Leonard Gross, in a well timbered bottom, and in a position to conquer 10,000 of the enemy; besides, he can be supplied with provisions and stores by steamboats. At present the steamer Yellow Stone is engaged in that way.—Santa Anna is at San Antonio, and our informant confidently asserts that the whole of his force in Texas does not exceed 25,000 men. The only reason General Houston does not attack him, is the want of arms and ammunition, and his being wholly destitute of artillery. Santa Anna's advanced guard, consisting of 2300 men, were within 25 miles of Houston's encampment; and it was the General's intention to cut them off, for which purpose he was pressing all the horses within his reach, and had about 500 when Mr. Slaughter left.

Mr. S. states that the report of Nacogdoches being burnt is utterly false, he having dined there on his way to this city; and that the cause of the consternation at Nacogdoches was simply that a young man (a deserter from Houston's army) on passing through that place, began waving his hat and shouting 'the Indians and Mexicans,' which caused a sudden panic and terror amongst the inhabitants, who ran off in every direction without making the least inquiry, or even looking once behind.—*Lou. Ad. April 23*.

The accounts received yesterday from this country are of a more favorable nature; and negative in part the previous rumors relative to Nacogdoches—it is true that town had been deserted on the report that the Indians and Mexicans were making a descent on it; but it was not attacked and not destroyed. Colonel Quitman continued there with two hundred men; and the Texans having conveyed their families east of the Sabine, returned.

Santa Anna was at San Antonio on the 5th instant; Houston was at Gross, west of the Brazos, on the 6th, with 2500 men.

General Gaines was at Wilkinson's encampment on the Sabine, with 600 United States troops; and was daily expecting reinforcements from Fort Gibson. There was not the slightest expectation of an attack on him; whatever he does will be done on the defensive, to prevent and protect.

Santa Anna had given a commission to Bowles, the Indian chieftain, and a bounty to raise and equip his tribe; but it is likely that the energetic measures adopted by Gaines will prevent the schemes of the General President. The Caddo Indians have exhibited symptoms of rebellion; but n'importe.—*Bee, April 23*.

From all quarters we receive accounts of the accidents which have occurred from the moving of the ice. Those which happened in this city are familiar to our readers, and though others at a distance have not been attended with the loss of life yet in the aggregate they have not been less injurious to property.

At Laprairie, we learn that the lower part of the town has been inundated for several days, and that several of the wharves have been damaged.

At Berthier, all visits from door to door are made in canoes, and for upwards of four miles nothing to be seen but one vast lake. Several families owing to the height of the water, have been compelled to take refuge in the Upper stories of their residences. A great number of houses and a quantity of grain, have been much damaged.

In Three Rivers much injury has been occasioned as well to the public as to individuals. The lower portion of the town has been completely inundated, and like a new Venice, all business is performed by means of Canadian Gondolas. Every person has his vessel attached to his door. The South western portion of the public bridge, erected at the expense of the Province, over the St. Maurice, was destroyed by the movement of the ice on the 5th, at about six in the evening.

The wharves of Messrs. Bell, Hart, and Duval have suffered much; the stores of Mr. Bell are injured and a small house destroyed. A part of Port St. Francis has the water about three quarters up the windows, and the village may be said to have had a narrow escape, if the ice had not been stopped by the wharf.

At Coteau du Lac the low lands are much flooded and the novel sight is presented of the people fishing in the woods along the banks of the river.—*Mont. Gaz. 10th May*.

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS March 21.

Mr. Roebuck said he wished to put a question with reference to the Canadas, and involving the disclosures very properly made by Sir Francis Head, recently sent out to that colony. It would be in the recollection of the House that the House of Assembly in Canada had abandoned their original intention to refuse the supplies, and the reason of that abandonment was, that two of the commissioners sent out from this country were of opinion that their demands for an elective council were well founded. He believed that the com-

missioners had sent home dispatches referring to this subject, and the question he wished to put to the Right Hon. Baronet, was, whether such dispatches had been received, and if so what was the probable course of conduct that his Majesty's Government would pursue?

Sir G. Grey replied that no dispatches bearing on the subject to which the Hon. member for Bath had alluded had been received at the Colonial Office.

Mr. Roebuck inquired what was the date of the last dispatches received. He himself had received advices from Canada of the date of the 16th of February last.

Sir G. Grey said that the last advices received at the Colonial office from Canada were dated the 5th of February.

Liverpool, April 1st.—The expected diminution of the stamp duty upon Newspapers will commence from July 5th. Nearly all the provincial journals have resolved to publish at four instead of seven pence per number. Many of the London papers will do the same, but I very much doubt whether the London morning papers will. The Times, Chronicle and Herald, for example, go to an expense for the attainment of news, which would almost warrant a little extra charge. It is no unusual thing for any of the above papers to receive important intelligence from foreign correspondents, sent by courier to a seaport, and forwarded to London thence by a steamer specially engaged, at from 80 to 100 guineas, for such trip. During the late continental war, the Times was constantly in receipt of such intelligence, and sometimes before the Government messengers brought it. Also the mere reporting department of the Times or Chronicle must cost about 100 guineas per week. Then there is extra payment for chance intelligence from the country. I know one reporter in Liverpool who has £100 a-year for writing Liverpool news to a London paper. Besides this, there is occasional and extra reporting—as when a public dinner or trial of interest takes place when Parliament is sitting. The regular reporters cannot be spared, and casual reporters are sent down, at an expense of from £20 to £30 each trip. Then, if the matter be very important, there is the extra expense of expressing it to London. Nor is this all: the commercial news from various parts, in the country, the shipping news, the police reports, the sporting intelligence, the law proceedings, the literary and dramatic critiques, the state of the money market, the translations from foreign papers, in fact, every paragraph in a London morning paper must be paid for. To this you may add £3000 to £3,500 a year for the editors and political writers, and you have some idea of the immense expenses of a London morning paper. Let me be distinctly understood. The stamp duty on newspapers is nominally fourpence each—actually 3 1-5 because of the 20 per cent discount. The selling price is seven-pence to the public, six-pence to the news venders: and of the London papers not five in a thousand are sold at the publication offices, nor are subscribers supplied save by the news venders. Thus, allowing the stamp duty to be out of the question, each London paper is sold for 2 4-5d. Now the stamp will be reduced to one penny, and if the price of each paper fall to (4d to the public) 3d to the news vender, each paper will be sold, actually, for two-pence (minus the stamp), or four fifths of a penny less than the present price. The Times in one year, sells four and a half millions of papers, and here will be a positive loss, per annum, of £6-666 13s 4d, if it sells at four-pence. I expect therefore, that the London morning papers will stickle, as far as possible, for the price of five-pence each number.—*Eng. Pap.*

Charlotte-Town, (P. E. Island,) April 12th.—In the House of Assembly yesterday, the Speaker informed the House that he had received a communication from Mr. Papineau, Speaker of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada, transmitting a series of Resolutions of that house, purporting to contain an exposition of the extent and nature of the Reforms demanded by the people of Lower Canada, in the hope that the Assembly of this Island will co-operate with the Representatives of that province, in procuring a better Colonial system of government for all. The communication, and the Resolutions referred to, were laid upon the table for the perusal of Members.—*Royal Gazette*.

PARTRIDGES.—Numbers of these fine birds, recently killed, are exposed for sale daily in our Markets; the killing of them at this season of the year, when the hens are laying, and many of them even setting, is a most destructive practice, and if not put a stop to, will go near to annihilate the whole race of Partridges in the neighbourhood of this City. We saw to day more than one couple, of which the hen bird, from the state of her plumage, was evidently brooding.—It is certainly worth while to preserve the breed of birds which afford so cheap a luxury, and that cannot be complained against for the injury they do the farmers, as they do not feed in the grain fields. There is yet an Ordinance in force, of the 28th January, 1721, which imposes a penalty of *Fifty Livres* on persons killing, selling, bringing to market, or offering for sale any partridge or partridges, between the 15th of March and the 15th of July, and the buyer is also subject to the same penalty. We mention this because we learn that several persons

have determined to act upon the Ordinance, and put a stop to this unseasonable traffic, by laying information against those who offend against the law in this respect.—*Que. Mercury*.

For the Mississkoui Standard.

MR. EDITOR, Sir:—Turning over, last night, the 'Standard' of 26th ult., I happened to cast my eye on a communication signed 'Jeremiah Britannica,' a piece to which I paid little or no attention at the time of its appearance, and I found in it an allusion which I cannot pass over in silence. The allusion is most evidently to a respectable old acquaintance with whom I have been on terms of intimate friendship for twenty-one years. Your correspondent, for what reason I know not, has seen fit to characterise him as an 'American deserter'—as a 'renegade American.' An 'American' he certainly is, and so was the late hon. Horatio Gates, and many others of the most undaunted loyalty and worth, but the opprobrium conveyed by the terms 'deserter' and 'renegade' is an atrocious falsehood. The gentleman in question is neither a 'deserter' nor a 'renegade.' He is an intelligent scholar, a judicious magistrate and a loyal subject. When he first moved his family into this province, he was, to my certain knowledge, for some time, in the habit of going back whence he came, to perform the duties of the highest functionary in the County Court. With the knowledge of this fact, shall I see a venerable old man vilified? After so long acquaintance with him, and so many hours of useful interchange of sentiments with him, shall I sit still and hear him defamed on the brink of the grave? No, I would scorn such apathy. The low expedient of making a father suffer for the delinquencies of a son, or a son suffer for the delinquencies of a father, or any to be blamed for the faults of another I would scout as equally mean, vulgar, wicked and unjust.

I hope you will insert this as a rebuke to the person, who, to say the least of him, undertook to defame a man of whom he knows nothing; for if he did, he must have written what he wilfully knew to be false.

I am, Sir,

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

St. Armand, 14th May, 1836.

To the Editor of the three Stanthard.

MISTHER EDITOR:—Happening to call in at a neighbour's the other day, I heard a conversation with regard to Mr. Nites being made a Justis in the peace, and I heard 'em say that three or four petitions had been got up for him. There was one fellow present who tried to deny that any petition had been got up, or if it was, why, that Mr. Nite's didn't know anything of it. I think I to myself, I know better than this, and the Stanthard shall know it also.

What I know, Misther Editor, is, that not long ago a fellow (that looked as though he'd been convicted in robbin' a hen roost) kem to me hoose an' enquired in me wife, sis he, 'Is Misther O'Rafferty at home?' 'Is it me husband you're after wantin', sis she; 'I want to see Misther O'Rafferty,' sis he; with that me wife calls me out iv the other room where I was just takin' a wee bit iv rest—so I goes out and ask'd the man his business; sis he, 'Misther O'Rafferty, (mighty polite,) have you any objection to sign a petition to get a magistrate appointed?' 'Is it a magistrate your wantin', sis I; 'shure an hav'n't we enough iv 'em already?' 'Yes, sis he, but don't you want to get a better one than any iv the present ones?' 'Oh, by all means, sis I, 'as much better as possible.' (for to tell the truth, the ould justis, me neighbour, is but a sorry stick any how; but then he's a Rhadical.) 'Well, then,' sis he, 'what do you say to Misther Nite's.' 'Whew!'—sis I—'Whew!'—Misther Nites! Is it Jockey Nites—the Bum-Bailey, you're wantin' me to sign for?

An' by dad, I was mad,—an' I felt me blood begin to come.—'Why yes,' sis the fellow, 'Misther Nite's is a friend to the Irish.' With that I could stand it no longer. 'Get out iv me door! get out iv me door, you blackguard! Is it a Bum-Bailey that's a friend to the Irish?'

By the powers! if the fellow hadn't run for it, I'd iv hit him a crack any how, but he slunk off like a dog with a split stick to his tail.

Oh, Misther Editor, darlint! Is'n't it too bad to be ask'd to sign a petition to make a Horse-Jockey or a Bum-bailey, or a coney-acler, a magistrate? Why, Sir, there, a chimney-sweeper would blush to be seen spakin' to the likes; an' then to be told that a Bum-Bailey is a friend to him. Then as to what the fellow tried to make us believe, that Misther Nite's knew nothin' about the petition—not know is it? shure an' he don't know much: but iv he was in ould Ireland, an' carried on his thricks there as he does here, may be he'd be apt to learn somethin', or get his skull crack'd in the taychin'; but as to his not knowin' about the petition afair, that's all blarney;—aint he goin' to Quaybeo to carry the petition himself, and pay his expenses out of the School Money.

Yours, for sometime to come,

TEDDY O'RAFFERTY.

Over the Creek, 5th May, 1836.

To the Editor of the Mississkoui Standard.

SIR.—The question is every day asked, 'have there been circulars sent to the Magistrates requesting them to take the Oath of Qualification under the new Act; but it is as often answered in the negative. Pray, sir, what are we to do? Our Magistrates refuse to serve, not knowing whether they have authority or not, we have no means of prosecuting for any attacks that may be committed upon our persons or property, without going to Montreal, and by that time where would the offender be? the answer is plain, he would be south of the province line. How long



is this state of society to last? how long are we to be exposed to all the crimes that the depravity of human nature is capable of devising, without the means of redress? If some of your readers can give me the desired information, it will be thankfully received.

Yours,  
INVESTIGATOR.

St. Armand, May 20, 1836.

A meeting of the Mississkoui Branch Constitutional Association, will be held, at Frelighsburg, on 30th. May instant, at one o'clock P. M. in order to elect a third delegate to represent said Branch, in the Convention of Delegates, to be held at Montreal on the 13th June next.

J. CHAMBERLIN,  
JAS. MOIR FERRES,  
SECRETARIES.

24th May, 1836.

## MISSISSKOU STANDARD.

FRELIGHSBURG, MAY 24, 1836.

The 'Farmers' Advocate' has come very irregularly to us of late. We have received that of 16th May, in usual course, and refer to his article in relation to the *Quebec Gazette's* as to Mr. Felton's case. He says truly that the people of the Townships wish to see justice done to that individual, and alludes to the principles of Constitutionalists in the Townships, which forbid them to screen delinquents from punishment after due investigation and proof—he alludes, also, to what seems to him an apparent desire, on the part of certain Journals in the cities, to shield Mr. Felton, (a desire, which we do not think they really entertain,) and says:

'It should be borne in mind, by Constitutionalists in the Districts of Quebec and Montreal, that their brethren in the Townships have quite sufficient to contend with at best. Stanstead and Drummond counties appear to be incurably cursed with Radicalism. Mississkoui notwithstanding it can boast of one of the most ably conducted and loyal Journals in the province, is at present but half and half. Sherbrooke at the last election, was only saved from utter disgrace by the most strenuous exertions of a very few individuals, and by holding out assurances that the Government were disposed to do away with every abuse which could be shown to exist.

We say these facts should be kept full in view, and if success is desirable by the Constitutionalists, let them not at their peril, countenance in any shape, the crying abuses which are known to exist, for whenever this shall become apparent, nothing can save the cause here—Radicalism will reign triumphant. The abuses of our Officials have generated the disease, and while the cause is suffered to exist a cure is hopeless.'

The *Advocate* can realise the never ceasing exertions that have to be made by the loyal press of the Townships, but he appears to us to undervalue the sound sense of the yeomanry in Drummond and Stanstead. The people of the Townships have been grossly deceived by the French and Frenchified travelling emissaries of the Assembly, but it is possible still to shew them their true interests. People will not be always blind. Let them look around, let them point out a single one of the neighboring States, or a single one of the neighboring colonies, that is not as far beyond Lower Canada in enterprise and public improvement, as Lower Canada exceeds every one of them in physical capabilities. Accident has not produced this state of things, it would rather have prevented it. We happen to have a good country for farming; we happen to have noble sites for factories; we happen to have as noble facilities for building railroads and digging canals as the Creator has given to any country under the sun; we happen to have the largest river in the world, rolling its waters, which with a little labor might be made navigable, from extremity to extremity of the province; we have abundant mines of various metals and of coal; and in spite of all these, in as far as we are concerned, accidental circumstances, we have the most backward and the least enterprising of all the countries on this northern continent. What is the reason? We are cursed with the feudal burdens of bygone centuries, and held under the curse by a few hated French Seigniors and Notaries. Surely our friend of the *Advocate* must be mistaken that 'Stanstead and Drummond counties appear to be incurably cursed with Radicalism.'

As to Mississkoui we are happy to say and he will be happy to hear, that he is decidedly mistaken. *Mississkoui* at this moment is less disposed to *Francism*, (for *Radicalism* is too good a name for it,) than it was 12 months ago. Mr. Papineau and the Mississkoui Standard have assisted each other in this, and we do believe that a fraction of its inhabitants are *Francists*. We only judge from our subscription list, and from the known feelings of the people. The old settlers,—the volunteers of the last war, and the sons of the

loyalists of the revolution, are to a man true to their King and country: the *Francists*, (it is really the best name we can give them,) are men who have silly ideas as to the Kingly government and who would not care one straw for the country, provided they derived benefit from the commotions consequent on their demands for an Elective Council. The last election in this county did not turn at all upon politics nor upon merit, but upon—we are sorry to say it—mere sectional feeling. Since the election, however, the most strenuous exertions have been used by certain praiseworthy and honest (?) individuals to Frenchify the County; but they have failed. We as well as others, have lent our pen and personal exertions, to obstruct them, and not unsuccessfully. Our neighboring county, Sherbrooke, is emphatically Constitutional; and the farmers of American and Old Country descent in the Seigniories adjoining, whom we regard as Township people, are also constitutional.

The same number of the *Advocate* contains a communication signed 'Reform,' which speaks rather warmly on the remarks of the *Gazette*, in relation to Mr. Felton. We are sorry for this, for it is our sincere belief, that all the Constitutional papers are anxious for the removal of every pretext for a grievance, by a redress of all abuses. If they should not be so actuated, still let every Constitutional reformer in the Townships stand steady to his principles. He must maintain the Constitution, as by law established, and he must insist for a full investigation, according to law, of the conduct of suspected public officers, and the correction of all abuses; above all he must oppose, firmly and unwaveringly oppose, the annexation of Montreal to the Upper Province, and the violation of the Constitutional act by robbing one body of men of property, solemnly vested in them by that act, in order to enrich such others as the popular caprice of the day may point out. If the act is sought to be broken in one particular, to satisfy some theorists in the Constitutional ranks, why is Lord Gosford to be blamed for breaking it in another?

Sir John Colborne, the patriot, and father of the emigrant, left St. Johns, on Thursday last, in the *Winooski* steamboat, on his way to England. We are informed that a crowd attended him to the wharf, to bid him farewell, the fort near St. Johns firing a salute of 14 guns, and the boat returning the salute. As the boat passed the Isle aux Noix, the guns on the fortifications fired a salute, which was also returned from her. The report of the firing was heard in this village, distant in a direct line, about twenty eight miles.

A meeting of the Mississkoui Branch Constitutional Association will be held here on 30th May. We fear that the backward state of Spring work, will prevent many from being present; but all who possibly can be present, ought to regard their attendance as a sacred duty. The election of the delegate will take place at one o'clock, P. M. exactly. Elections of delegates in all other parts of the Province, will be held on the same day, and at the same hour.

Mississkoui Bay is likely to do a deal of business this summer, in the way of shipping lumber for the markets of the U. States...chiefly for New York.

Will some of our friends there send us an estimate of the quantity contracted for, by speculators, of the quantity not under contract, and of the prices per 1000.

Wheat is above ground already in some fields, and looks well, but there is a good deal yet to be sown; it has been found that that which was late sown in the last two years, withstood best the attacks of the fly.

Sir Francis Bond Head hats are quite the rage just now.

We refer all murderers of partridges, to an article taken from the *Quebec Mercury*.

Letters have been received in town by the Liverpool packet of the 8th April, which state on good authority, that the command in Ireland has again been offered to Lord Aylmer, with the addition of the Grand Cross of the Bath, a tolerably certain indication that his Lordship's conduct in this Government, notwithstanding all the calumnies which have been uttered against him, has met with the approval of his Majesty's Government.—*Quebec Mer.*

Upper Canada is reaping the fruits of agitation. Nearly one thousand mechanics and labourers from different parts of the District says the Toronto Guardian have embarked at this City, for the U. S. since the close of the Session of Parliament, in

consequence of the anticipated cessation of all internal improvement, during the ensuing season, as the baneful result of stopping the supplies. About forty more of the same class from the Newcastle district have left, to seek work on the other side. Most of them are old countrymen.

Were ever Colonies, than which there are not finer in the world, so cursed with internal enemies, as are Upper and Lower Canada!

His Majesty has approved of the appointment of Lieut.-General Sir James Lyon to be Commander of the Forces in Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, P. E. Island, &c.

A fire at Burlington Arcade, London, on the 25th March, caused a great loss and damage of splendid goods. The bazaar was early burnt, and the standholders had hardly time to save any thing. The pictures of the bazaar destroyed are valued at £20,000 to 30,000.

## MISSISSKOU BAY.

CLEARED.  
May 10, Sloop Napoleon, Captain Tisdale, 7000 pieces Boards & Plank.  
15, " Industry, Capt. Brown, 6000 do.  
17, " General McComb, Capt. U. Clark, 2586 do.

## Birth.

In the Western parish of St. Armand, on Monday the 16th instant, Mrs. Captain Alexander McKenney, of a Son.

## Married.

At Cabot, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. Chase Gilman, of Potton, to Miss Lucetta Whitcher.

## Died.

At Richford, on 15th ult, Miss Anna James, daughter of Jeremiah James, aged 21.  
At Richford, on the 11th instant, Miss Jane Carpenter, daughter of Mr. Stephen Carpenter, aged 19.  
At Farnham, on Friday afternoon the 20th instant, after a few days illness, Rebecca Wells, wife of Mr. Asa Hastings, and youngest daughter of Mr. Richd. Wells, Sen. aged 24 years.  
At Hammingford, on the 13th instant, Mrs. Prudy, wife of John Vaughan, aged 40.  
Also, at Russellton, Mrs. Sylvester Young. The two latter were formerly of Caldwell's Manor.

## \$10 Reward!! LOST.

ON the 21st instant, between my house in St. Armand, and Mr. William Lee's, in Dunham,

## A Leather Roll,

containing about 70 Dollars in Bank bills, on Banks in Vermont, with a Note against Bandana Smith for 52 Dollars, one against Wm. Beach for 50 Dollars, one against C. Smith for 45 Dollars, and one against David M. Whitney for one Cow, and one against David M. Whitney for 5 dollars, with various other Notes and Receipts in my favour, the notes are payable to Homer Smith or bearer; also demands against Jacob Garland, for two Cows, payable about three years hence; the signers of said Notes are hereby notified not to pay said notes to any person but myself, and the public are cautioned not to buy notes payable to Homer Smith or bearer. The above reward will be paid for the return of the Roll and contents.

HOMER SMITH.

St. Armand, May 23, 1836. V2 7-3w.

## Notice

IS hereby given that a Meeting of the Inhabitants of the County of Mississkoui interested in the Road between Sutton and Potton, known by the name of the Mountain Road, will be held at the Widow Anna Shepherd's, in Sutton, on the Second Saturday of June next, at 10 o'clock forenoon, to take into consideration the state of said Road, and devise measures for its completion and improvement.

PELEG SPENCER,  
HENRY BRIGHT,  
DANIEL SPENCER,  
JOHN SHEPHERD,  
IRA JAMES,  
DANIEL JONES,  
ROBERT MANSON,  
RICHARD SHEPHERD,  
DANIEL JONES,  
ELKANY JAMES.

Sutton, May 20, 1836.

## Cash for Wool! NOTICE

IS hereby given that two shillings currency per pound will be paid at the Factory of the British American Land Company at Sherbrooke, for clean native Wool, average quality, the produce of the Eastern Townships.

Sherbrooke, May 10, 1836. V2-7tf

TENDERS will be received at the office of the British American Land Company, Sherbrooke, up to Saturday the 11th June next, for the completion of a ROAD from Richmond in the Township of Shipton, to Port St. Francis—a distance of 5 miles—on the Line surveyed by Joseph Fennoyer, Esq. Provincial Surveyor in September 1835—and according to Plans and Specifications to be seen at the Offices of the Company at Sherbrooke, Melbourne, and Port Saint Francis.

The Tenders will be required to express the rate per mile for completing the following sections severally, viz:

1st. From Richmond to Trenholm's Mills, 5m  
2d. From Trenholm's to Town's King, 4m  
3d. From Town's to Boisvert's, 4m  
4th. From Boisvert's to Dubes', 10m  
5th. From Dubes' to Glen Douglass, 8m  
6th. From Glen Douglass' to the St. Esprit Road, Nicolet, 5m  
7th. Thence to Port St. Francis, 11m

Office of the British American Land Company, Sherbrooke, 12th May, 1836. V2 7tf

## Look Here!!

THE Subscribers will pay Cash for

Veal Skins.

May 21, 1836. L. & A. KEMP.

## TO PRINTERS.

## PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT For Sale!

THE Subscribers, wishing to engage in other business, are desirous of selling the PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT with which the *Farmers' Advocate* is now published, with the privilege of publishing the paper, and all the perquisites connected therewith.

The materials consist of an excellent CAST IRON PRESS; a font of 350 to 400 lbs. of LONG PRIMER—150 lbs. BREVIEW—150 lbs. SMALL PICA—50 lbs. MINION—an extensive assortment of large and small JOB TYPE, and all the other *et cetera* of a newspaper office.

The *Advocate* is the only paper published in the District of Saint Francis: its circulation is respectable; and may easily be increased; the advertising about pays for the paper, and is increasing. The Job Printing is extensive and valuable.

To any one wishing to engage in publishing a paper, this opportunity is a rare one. Sherbrooke is the capital of a flourishing District, where the Courts are in Session nearly half of the year; the seat of operations of the British American Land Company; and a Bank is just going into operation. It is decidedly the best location for a newspaper and printing office, in the Eastern Townships.

The Establishment will be sold cheap, for 1-4 cash down, and the remainder in three annual instalments. Address, Post paid, to the subscribers, or JAMES COURT, Esq. Commercial Agent, Montreal.

WALTON & GAYLORD.

Printers in this province, will confer a favor by giving the above a few insertions.

N. B. None need apply, except true Constitutional Reformers.

Sherbrooke, April 18, 1836.

## RENOVATION OF FEATHERS.

Mr. JAMES GARDNER respectfully informs the inhabitants of *Frelighsburg, Stanbridge Upper Mills, Bedford, Henryville, and St. Johns*, and their several neighborhoods, that he intends stopping a few days in each of the above mentioned places, taking each in turn as above, for the purpose of Renovating Feather Beds of all descriptions; and hopes by his diligence and attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

Mr. G. pledges himself to remove the disagreeable scent attached to feathers, all sand or other dust, moths and other insects, and warrants these never to return; to enliven dead & inactive feathers old or new; and finally, his motto is—Good work or no pay.—Mr. G. deems it unnecessary to produce a long list of recommendations from a distance setting forth his skill and experience in the line of his profession; and, to make a long story short, will only refer you to the Certificate and recommendations of your neighbors as published below.

Terms—Five Shillings for all beds not weighing more than 25 pounds, over 25 and not exceeding 35 pounds Six Shillings and three pence; for all over 35 pounds, Three pence per pound. Pillows five pence, or seven pence half penny per pair. *Phillipsburg, May 11th, 1836.*

This certifies that we the undersigned have recently had one, or more than one, Feather Bed dressed or Renovated by Mr. Gardner, and from the experiment are well satisfied with the improvement wrought in them by the operation. And we further recommend to all such as have hard beds, or in anywise unclear, to avail themselves of this opportunity of having them cleansed and enlivened. (Signed.)

A. B. Merritt, H. M. May,  
Jos. W. Munson, Hiram Moore,  
Anson Church, Nelson Merritt,  
Abraham Humphrey, Horace Churchill,  
Erastus Hickok, Pliny Woodbury,  
Barna Merrick, Lynd Smith,  
Peter Sixby, Charles Miller,  
Pigeon Hill,  
Powell Austin, Lyman Cushing,  
James Drew, Daniel Campbell, Esq.  
May 20, 1836.

## HIGHWAY & BRIDGES.

The Proprietors and occupiers of Land liable to work on the Highways and Bridges in the Township of Sutton, in the County of Mississkoui are hereby notified and warned to do their proportion of highway labour by the 20th day of June next, and all those that are found in default at that time, will be prosecuted without delay.

Also the proprietors of the following Lots not being known to the undersigned, therefore, if their proportion of labour is not done by the time above specified, legal measures will be taken against the land of lots, No. 17—18—19—22—23—24—26—27 and 28 in the first Range. No. 21—20—22—24—25—27 and 28 in the second range, and Nos. 20—22—23—25—26—27 and 28 in the third Range.

IRAE JAMES.

Surveyor of Roads.

Sutton, 16th May, 1836.

## Take Notice.

THE Subscriber is desirous of having a

## Barn & Shed

erected upon the Lot forming the corner of Front and South streets, in the Village of Frelighsburg, formerly the property of

JACOB COOK, Esq.,

which Buildings are intended for the convenience of an Inn Keeper, and are required to be put up immediately. The plan and dimensions of each can be known on application to

MR. ZENAS REYNOLDS,

at the Village, or the Proprietor at Montreal.

JOHN FISHER.

3d May, 1836.

5-3w

## \$10 Reward.

STOLEN from the enclosure of the Subscriber on the night of the 2d of May, a small BROWN CANADIAN MARE, with a small white strip in her face. Who ever will return said mare, and thief shall be entitled to the above reward, or \$5 for either the mare or the thief; the thief is supposed to be a Canadian by the name of Peter Bossett.

ELWYN BOWKER.

St. Armand, 16th May, 1836. V2 6-tf

## For Sale,

MY FARM, lying on the road between Henryville & Mississkoui Bay; consisting of 180 acres of land, upon which are

A House, Barn & Shop.

28th March, 1836. AMOS STOW.

51tf.

CASH paid for

Veal Skins

AN APPRENTICE wanted.

PLINY WOODBURY.

St. Armand, April 21st, 1836. V2.3 tf.

## Black Snake



WILL stand for the use of MARES, the ensuing season, at the stable of the Subscriber, in

FRELIGHSBURG.

TERMS—Five Dollars the Season.

N. B. All casualties at the risk of the OWN-ER.

JOHN BAKER.

Frelighsburg, May, 1836.

V2-7tf

## Star Tavern,



New Market, Montreal.

## William Brown,

THANKFUL for past favors, would respectfully intimate to his former customers, friends, and the public in general, that he has leased and will occupy, on the 1st of May next, the house at present occupied by Mr. John Murphy, one door below his present Stand, having more extensive and better accommodations than heretofore, together with an addition of yard and stabling.

The Stand being very near the Courts of Justice, and proximate to the market offers great inducement to the man of business or pleasure, & he hopes by unwearied attention to his customers to merit a continuance of their favors.

January 27, 1836. 46-12w.

THE Subscriber will pay Cash for

Veal Calf Skins.

H. M. CHANDLER.

Frelighsburg, 17th April, 1836. V2-2tf

## For Sale,

OR

## To Let,

THE premises owned and formerly occupied by the subscriber in the Village of Frelighsburg, consisting of a good two story dwelling house, garden, and a commodious horse barn. For terms enquire of Dr. J. Chamberlin, Frelighsburg or of the Subscriber in Sutton.

HENRY BRIGHT.

Frelighsburg, March 1 1836. 47-tf.

## FRANKLIN STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

SMITH, HARRINGTON & EATON, respectfully inform the printers of the Upper & Lower Provinces, and the public generally, that having established a

STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY,

AT

BURLINGTON, Vt.

they hold themselves ready to execute any work which a kind public may feel disposed to favor them with. They hazard nothing in saying that they can do work cheaper, and in as good style as can be done at any Foundry in the United States. Leads furnished at the Franklin Foundry, on the most reasonable terms.

A great variety of

## CUTS

on hand and for sale at the F. S. F. BLANKS of all kinds Stereotyped at short notice. Old Type taken in pay for work, at 9 cents per pound.

College Street, Burlington Vt. }

January 12 1836. }



## PUBLIC NOTICE

IS hereby given that a WHARF has been completed by the BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY, at Port St. Francis, seven miles above Three Rivers on the South shore of the St. Lawrence, and that Steamboats and other Vessels may land or embark Goods and Passengers at the same, with safety and despatch. The Agent of the COMPANY will for the present season allow free storage for such articles as may be landed at Port St. Francis for transport to the Eastern Townships—or brought to that place for Shipment outwards.

Office of the British American Land Company, Montreal, August 1, 1835. 19-tf

## BRIDGE

OVER THE ST. FRANCIS.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY are now prepared to contract or building a BRIDGE over the River Saint Francis at Sherbrooke. Persons inclined to erect this bridge, will be required to furnish plans upon which they would recommend its construction, with specifications of the timber and materials required, and estimates of the sum for which they will complete the same, both with and without warranty for five years. It is desirable that plans, &c. should be furnished with as little delay as possible. Any information relating to the site of the Bridge, &c. may be obtained by application at this Office.

Office of the B. A. L. Co. }

Sherbrooke, July 20, 1835. }

16-tf.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the principal Office of the BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY has been transferred from the city of Montreal to the Town of Sherbrooke in the District of St. Francis, to which place all communications on the Company's affairs, especially applications relative to the SALE or PURCHASE of LANDS, and for EMPLOYMENT, are requested to be sent, addressed to ARTHUR C. WEBSTER, Esq. Sub-Commissioner.

P. MOFFATT, Commissioners.

P. M'GILL, Commissioners.

Montreal, May 10, 1836. V.2 6-11w.



## POETRY.

### The Farmer's Song.

Away with grandeur, pomp, and gold;  
Away with childish ease;  
Give me but strength my plough to hold,  
And I'll find means to please.

'Tis sweet to toil for those we love,  
My wife and darling boys  
Both tend to make my labor prove  
The sweetest of my joys.

The humble morsel I procure,  
When labor makes it sweet,  
Is eaten with a taste more pure  
Than meats that monarchs eat.

'Tis mine—yes, 'tis my happy lot,  
From cares and avarice free,  
To own but this secluded cot,  
Sweet friends and liberty.

Thus I no monarch on the throne  
Can grudge his destiny,  
Let him his weight of care bemoan,  
Whilst I am truly free.

When labor wearies and grows dull,  
I with my dog and gun,  
Set forth, the finest game to cull,  
And thus all sorrows shun.

Now tell me, all ye gouty train,  
Who have what fortune gives;  
Is not the cheerful country swain  
The happiest man that lives?

### THE ROYAL BRIDAL;

OR,

### THE KING MAY COME IN THE CADGER'S WAY.

(concluded.)

They therefore again proceeded in quest of the unfortunate fugitive, and the monarch having conducted his royal bride to the pavilion, cast off his jacket of black velvet, and arrayed himself in one of cloth of gold, with edgings of purple and of sable fur. His favorite steed caparisoned to carry two, and with its panoply embroidered with jewels, was brought before his pavilion. The monarch approached the door, leading his queen in his hand. He lightly vaulted into the saddle—he again took the hand of his bride, and placed her behind him; and in this manner, a hundred peers and nobles following in his train, the king of Scotland conducted his young queen through the land and to the palace of his fathers. The people shouted as the royal cavalcade departed, and Scotch and English voices joined in the cry of—'Long live Scotland's king and queen.' Yet there were some who thought that poor Andrew, the fisherman, the champion of the day, had been cruelly treated, though they knew not his offence. Those who knew him said—

'It bangs a'! we're sure Andrew never saw the king in his life before. He never was ten miles out o' Eyemouth in his days. We have kenned him since a callant, and never heard a word laid against his character. The king must have taken him for somebody else—and he was foolish to run for it.'

But while the multitude shouted, and joined in the festivities of the day, there was one that hurried through the midst of them, wringing her hands and weeping as she went—even poor Janet. At the moment when she was roused from the stupefaction of feeling produced by the horrors of the conflict, and when her arms were outstretched to welcome her hero, as he was flying to them in triumph,—she had seen him led before his prince, to receive his praise and his royal gifts...but instead of these she heard him denounced as a traitor, as the king's words were echoed round. She beheld him fly for safety, and armed men pursuing him. She was bewildered—wildly bewildered. But every emotion gave place to anguish, and she returned to her mother's house alone, and sank upon her bed and wept.

She could scarcely relate to her parent the cause of her grief. But others, who had been witnesses of the regal festival, called at widow Hewitt's for refreshment as they returned home, and from them she gathered that her intended son-in-law had been the champion of the day, but that when he had been led forward to receive the purse from the hands of the king, the monarch instead of bestowing it, denounced him as a traitor—'and when he fled,' added they, 'his majesty ordered him to be brought to his father dead or alive!' For in the days of our fathers men used the license that is exemplified in the fable of the Black Crows, quite as much as it is used now. The king certainly had commanded that Andrew should be brought to him, but he had said nothing of his being brought dead.

Nancy lifted her hands in astonishment as high as her ceiling (and it was not a high one, and was formed of rushes)—'Preserve us sirs! said she, 'ye perfectly astonish me at this! Poor chield! I'm sure Andrew wadna harm a dog!—A traitor! say ye the king ca'd him? That's something very bad, isn't it? An' surely—no, no, Andrew couldna be guilty o'—the king maun be a stranger sort o' man.'

But about midnight a gentle knocking was heard at the window, and a well-known voice said in an under tone—

'Janet!—Janet!—it is me!'

'It is him mother!—it is Andrew! they haena gotten him yet!' and she ran to the door and admitted him; and when he had entered, she continued, 'O Andrew! what in the name of wonder is the meaning of the king's being in a passion at ye? What did ye say or do to him?—or what can be the meaning o't?'

'It is really very singular Andrew, interrupted the old woman, 'what hae ye done?—what is really the meaning o't?'

'Meaning?' said Andrew, 'ye may weel ask that! I maun get away into England this very night, or my life's no worth a straw, and it's ten chances to one that it may be safe there. Wha is the king think ye?—now just think wha?'

'Wha is the king!' said Nancy, with a look and in a tone of astonishment... 'I dinna comprehend ye Andrew... what do ye mean? Wha can the king be, but just the king?'

'O I said Andrew, 'ye mind the chield that came here wi' me the other night, that left the gowd noble for the thrie had-dies that him and I had atween us, and that I gied a clout in the haffets to, and brought the blood owre his lips, for his behaviour to Jenny!—ye was the king!'

'Yon the king!' cried Janet. 'Yon the king!' exclaimed her mother; 'and hae I really had the king of Scotland in my house, sitting at my fire-side, and cooked a supper for him! Weel I think, yon the king! Aha! he's a bonny man!'

'O mother!' exclaimed Janet, 'bonny here, bonny there, dinna talk sae—he is threatening the life of poor Andrew, who has got into trouble and sorrow on my account. O dear me! what shall I do Andrew!—Andrew!' she continued and wrung her hands.

'There's just one thing hinny,' said he; 'I must endeavour to get the other side of the Tweed, before folk are astir in the morning. So I maun leave ye directly, but I just ventured to come and bid ye farewell. And there's just one thing that I hae to say and to request, and that is, that if I darena come back to Scotland to marry ye, that ye will come owre to England to me, as soon as I can get into some way of providing for ye. Will ye promise Jenny?'

'O yes, yes Andrew!' she cried, 'I'll come to ye—for its entirely on my account that ye've to flee. But I'll do more than that, for this very week I will go to Edinburgh, and I will watch in the way of the king and the queen, and on my knees I'll implore him to pardon ye, and if he refuses, I ken what I ken.'

'Na, na, Jenny dear,' said he, 'dinna think of that—I wad rather suffer banishment and live in jeopardy for ever, than that ye should place yoursell' in his power or in his presence. But what do ye ken dear?'

'Ken!' replied she, 'if he refuses to pardon ye, I'll threaten him to tell the queen what he said to me, and what offers he made to me when ye was running out after the powny.'

Andrew was about to answer her, when he started at a heavy sound of footsteps approaching the cottage.

'They are in search of me,' he exclaimed.

Instantly a dozen armed men entered the cottage.

'We have found him,' cried they to their companions without; 'the traitor is here.'

Andrew finding that resistance would be hopeless, gave up the sword which he still carried, and suffered them to bind his arms. Jenny clung around his neck and wept. Her mother sat speechless with terror.

'Fareweel, Jenny dear!' said Andrew... 'fareweel!—Dinna distress yoursell' sae... things mayna turn out so ill as we apprehend. I can hardly think that the king will be sae cruel and sae unjust as to take my life. Is that no your opinion sirs?'

added he, addressing the armed men. 'We are not to be your judges,' said he who appeared to be their leader; 'ye are our prisoner by his Majesty's command, and that is a' we ken about the matter. But ye are denounced a traitor, and the king spares nane sae.'

Poor Janet shrieked as she heard the hopeless and cruel words, and again cried—

'But the queen shall ken a'!'

Jenny's arms were rudely torn from around his neck, and he was dragged from the house; and his arms, as I have stated, being bound, he was placed behind a horse-man, and his body was fastened to that of the trooper. In this manner he was conducted to Edinburgh, where he was cast into prison to await his doom.

Within two days, Janet and her mother were seized also, at the very moment when the former was preparing to set out to implore his pardon...and accused of harbouring and concealing in their house, one whom the king had denounced as guilty of treason.

Janet submitted to her fate without a murmur, and only said... 'Weel, if Andrew be to suffer upon my account, I am willing to do the same for him. But surely neither you nor the king can be sae cruel as to harm my poor auld mother!'

'O dear, dear!' cried the old woman to those who came to apprehend her... 'Was there ever the like of this seen or heard tell o'! Before I kened wha the king was, I took him to be a kind and a canna lad, and he canna say but I shewed him every attention, and even prevented Andrew frae striking him again; and what gratification can it be to him to take away the life of a lone widow, and a helpless lassie?'

But notwithstanding her remonstrances, Nancy Hewitt and her beautiful daughter were conducted as prisoners to the metropolis.

On the fourth day of his confinement, Andrew was summoned before king James and his nobles, to receive his sentence and undergo its punishment. The monarch,

in the midst of his lords, sat in a large apartment in the castle; armed men, with naked swords in their hands, stood around; and the frown gathered on his face as the prisoner was led into his presence.

Andrew bowed before the monarch, then raised his head and looked around, with an expression on his countenance which shewed that although he expected death, he feared it not.

'How now, ye traitor knave!' said the king sternly, 'do ye deny that ye raised your hand against our royal person?'

'No!' was the brief and bold reply of the dauntless fisherman.

'Ye have heard kinsmen,' continued the monarch, 'his confession of his guiltiness from his own lips... what punishment do ye award him?'

'Death! the traitor's doom!' replied the nobles.

'Nay troth,' said James, 'we shall be less just than merciful, and because of his brave bearing at Lamberton, his life shall be spared—but certes the hand that was raised against our person shall be struck off.—Prepare the block!'

Now the block was brought into the midst of the floor, and Andrew was made to kneel, and his arm was bared and placed upon it—and the executioner stood by with his drawn sword, waiting the signal from the king to strike off the head, when the fair young queen, with her attendants, entered the apartment. The king rose to meet her, saying—

'What would my fair queen?'

'A boon, a boon! my liege,' playfully replied the blooming princess, 'that ye strike not off the hand of this audacious man, but that ye chain it for his life.'

'Be it so, my fair one,' said the king, and taking the sword of the executioner in his hand, he touched the kneeling culprit on the shoulder with it, saying—'Rise up SIR ANDREW GUT-THRIE, and thus do we chain your offending hand?... the young queen at the same moment raised a veil with which she had concealed the features of bonny Janet, and the king taking her hand placed it in Andrew's.'

'My conscience!' exclaimed Andrew, 'am I in existence!—do I dream, or what!—O Jenny woman!—O your Majesty!—what shall I say?'

'Nothing,' replied the monarch, 'but the king may come in the cadger's way—and Sir Andrew Gut-thrie and his bonny bride shall be provided for.'

**MONEY.**—'Put money in thy purse.—Shakespeare. 'We take our pen in hand, as our good old grandfathers used to say in writing to their sweethearts, to indite a short chapter on Money. It is a fruitful subject, inasmuch as it is the governing principle, (if we may be allowed to express it,) of mankind, and the axis of human ambition. Money is a good thing, a kind servant, a bad master, a thief in the temple of virtue, a ministering spirit to the needy, a villain in disguise and withal a sad rake. What opens the fair arms of the blushing girl to the embrace of the old, the infirm and the ugly? Money. What causes old ladies to look kindly upon the advances of the young men to a blooming daughter? Money. What brings complimentary remarks from the old, and humble acknowledgments from the young? Money. What causes men to struggle for office? Money. What is the criterion of right and wrong? Money. What is the cause of the wrangling, struggling, cheating, brow-beating, shuffling and bowing, so prevalent among mankind? Money. What, in fact, is the great standard of human affection? Money. What makes the Printer struggle in the mire of politics? Money. What leads the Editor to inform the public of those facts? Money. What do we require at the hand of our readers? Money. Do you take, Sir? You are the very man we desire to hear from.'

Persons, wishing to become Subscribers to the Mississkoui Standard, will please leave their names with any of the above Agents, to whom also, or at the Office in Frelighsburg, all payments must be made.

**ADVANTAGE OF DRINKING WATER.**—It is a great mistake to think that any drink is better for hardworking men, than water. There was a party employed in draining by task work, in Richmond Park, who were patterns of English labourers... They worked hard from morning to night and in all weather, but drank either water or coffee. They did not even use beer. The expense of coffee was comparatively trifling; and they performed as hard a day's work as any man in England, and were often exposed to wet and cold. A proof of this may also be found in Capt. Ross's recent voyage to the Arctic regions. He says that on a journey of great difficulty and hardships, he was the only one of the party whose eyes were not inflamed, and he was the only one who did not drink grog. He was also the oldest of the party, yet for the same reason he bore the fatigue better than any one of them. He adds that whoever will make the experiment on two equal boat's crews, rowing in a heavy sea, will soon be convinced that the water drinkers will far out-do the others. No better testimony to this is required than the experience of men who work at iron foundries, which is the hardest labour done by man; but they know that they cannot perform it if they drink even beer, and their sole drink during the hours of this hot and heavy labour is water. It is a well attested fact, that when an armed brig was wrecked in Plymouth harbour in 1779 (the last of December) in a severe snow storm, the men who drank freely of spirits, perished by the cold, while those who refrained wholly, or took very little, survived till they were taken from the wreck.—Eng. Paper.

**Leap Year Resolution.**—We learn, that at a meeting of Young Ladies in — county, a few days since, it was unanimously resolved, that any one entertaining attachment for a young gentleman, shall at the first opportunity say 'Snap' to him, to which his replying 'Snap' is to be taken and held so much of a marriage treaty, as to render his retreat dishonorable. Nevertheless, any gentleman merely withholding the responsive monosyllable, shall continue to be received as before.—Macon (Ga.) Tel.

### TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged in addition. No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion. Above six lines and not exceeding ten, two shillings and nine pence; every subsequent insertion seven pence half penny.

Above ten lines, 3d per line for the first insertion, and one penny for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be inserted till forbid in writing and charged accordingly.

Communications must be addressed to JAMES MOIR FRERES, Editor; and if by mail, post paid.

### STANDARD AGENTS.

W. Brent, Quebec.  
Daniel Campbell, Pigeon-bill.  
Elihu Crossett, St. Armand.  
Dr. H. N. May, Philipsburg.  
Galloway Freligh, Bedford.  
Capt. Jacob Ruiter, Nelsonville, Dunham.  
Albert Barney, P. M., Churchville.  
Jacob Cook, P. M., Brome.  
P. H. Knowlton, Brome.  
Samuel Wood, M. P. P., Farnham.  
Whipple Wells, Farnham.  
Henry Bright, Sutton.  
William Davis, Stanbridge Ridge.  
Maj. Isaac Wiley, Henrysburg.  
Henry Wilson, La Cole.  
Levi A. Coit, Potton.  
Capt. John Powell, Richford, Vermont.  
Nathan Hale, Troy.  
Albert Chapman, Caldwell's Manor.  
Capt. Daniel Salls, parish of St. George.  
E. M. Toof, Burlington, Vt.  
Enos Bartlett, jun., East part of Sutton.

Persons, wishing to become Subscribers to the Mississkoui Standard, will please leave their names with any of the above Agents, to whom also, or at the Office in Frelighsburg, all payments must be made.

### REV. H. N. DOWNS'

### Vegetable Balsamic

### ELIXIR;

FOR

Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, Croup, Catarrh, Asthma, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Chest and Lungs.

### PRICE 75 CENTS.

Sold wholesale by the Proprietor, at Georgia, Vt. and by J. CURTIS, Druggist, St. Albans, Vt. wholesale Agent, and Joint Proprietor, where all orders at wholesale or retail, will meet with immediate attention.

A few bottles of this invaluable medicine may be had of Munson & Co. Mississkoui Bay, Beardsley and Goodnow, Henryville, Samuel Maynard, Dunham, and Levi Kemp, St. Armand.

### TO THE AFFLICTED

DR. M. HATCH'S VEGETABLE PILL CATHOLICON

the only

SAFE AND CERTAIN REMEDY

FOR THE

### PILES

This medicine has stood the test of 20 years' experience in extensive private practice, and has proved without a rival since its introduction to the public for positively curing this troublesome complaint. Price, 5 shillings.

EWEN'S ANTIBILIOUS AND CATHARTIC

### PILLS;

an easy and safe family medicine for all bilious complaints; jaundice, flatulence, indigestion, fever and ague, costiveness, headache, diarrhoea, dyspepsia, or any disease arising from a deranged state of the stomach and bowels. Price, whole boxes 2s and 6d, half boxes 1s and 3d.

DR. ASA HOLDREDGE'S

### GREEN PLASTER:

for dressing and curing immediately all kinds of fresh cuts and wounds; which from its strong adhesive qualities supersedes all other kinds of dressings; and if the directions are strictly adhered to, will in no instance require a renewal. It is also advantageously used in cleansing and healing all old sores and foul ulcers. Price, 1s and 3d.

DR. WARNER'S

### INFALLIBLE ITCH OINTMENT.

Warranted to contain not a particle of mercury or other deleterious drug; and if seasonably applied will require one application only!! Price 1s and 3d.

All the above are supported by abundant and respectable testimony, as may be seen by applying to the following agents, wherethe medicines may be purchased—

Hagood, Clarencville; Beardsley & Goodnow, Henrysville; W. W. Smith, Philipsburg; Dr. Oliver Newell, and Levi Stevens, Dunham; Cook & Foss, Brome; Hedge & Lyman, and George Beni, Montreal; Joseph E. Barrett, post-rider, Frelighsburg, and many other Druggists and Dealers throughout the Province. Also at the Druggist Store in Frelighsburg.

### OLD ESTABLISHMENT.

THE subscriber gratefully acknowledges the liberal patronage he has already received and begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he still continues to carry on the business of

### CABINETWORK,

### CHAIR-MAKING AND PAINTING,

in all its various branches; being supplied with a full assortment of materials necessary for conducting the establishment, and having in all the above branches experienced workmen employed, who he unhesitatingly asserts, are equal if not superior to any in the Province.

The subscriber further intimates that he has on hand a general assortment of finished articles in his line of business, which he would exchange for

### LUMBER

or any kind of Country Produce. He has considerably reduced his former prices and intends making a still greater reduction, and hopes by strict attention, neatness and durability of workmanship, to merit a continuance of the patronage and support of a discerning public.

N. B. A liberal discount allowed for Cash.

DAN B. GILBERT.

Philipsburg, June 2, 1835.

### PROSPECTUS

of the

### Emigrant & Old Countryman.

This Journal is devoted to the Domestic and Local intelligence of ENGLAND, IRELAND SCOTLAND, and WALES.

The origin and the history of the Emigrant and of the Old Countrymen are known to all our readers. The two papers were by mutual agreement of the respective Proprietors united on the 7th of October last, and merged in one journal under the above title. The success so far has been highly flattering, and satisfies all the favourable expectations that were formed. At the period of the junction a great improvement was made, both in matter and manner of getting up, which the Proprietor has every reason to believe has met with the greatest approbation. The editorial management was assigned to A. D. Paterson, Esq., a native of the Old Country, and a gentleman of classical attainments and literary acquirements. His efforts have been crowned with success.

The Emigrant and Old Countryman is intended for use of the numerous British residents upon this continent—its details consisting of all the local news of the three Kingdoms; the numerous occurrences in the Mining, Agricultural, and Manufacturing districts, as well as the mighty Metropolis of England. The Internal Improvement, the corporation proceedings of the different towns and cities, remarkable Trials, &c., are faithfully recorded; also the sporting intelligence, state of the Markets, list of Bankrupts and Insolvents, &c. &c., all arranged under distinct heads, and adapted to such British residents in this country as cannot obtain access to the English papers.

The politics of the Emigrant and Old Countryman are liberal and impartial, and not warped by any feeling of party spirit whatever.

It is published every Wednesday at No. 77 Cedar-street, New York, at Three Dollars per annum payable in advance.

The extensive circulation of the Emigrant and Old Countryman among people from the old country, renders it an excellent vehicle for land and other advertisements, conveying information to persons lately arrived in this country.

The new volume commenced on the 6th ult., being the first Wednesday of the month.

The Proprietor and Editor return their hearty thanks to the public for the extraordinary patronage they have received, and pledge themselves that no efforts shall be wanting to render themselves worthy of it. As a proof of the rapidly extending circulation of the united papers, we may state that in the first three months after the junction, say from the 7th of October to the 7th of January, Four hundred and twenty four new subscribers were added.

### THE LARGEST

### FAMILY NEWSPAPER

IN THE UNITED STATES.

THIS is not said in the spirit of vain boasting but because it can, with strict justice be declared of the PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER, which contains each week upwards of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY distinct articles, in prose and poetry. Literature—science—the arts—the latest foreign and domestic news—police reports—sporting intelligence—notice of new works—besides an immense fund of miscellaneous intelligence—the drama—marriages—deaths—price of produce, merchandise, stocks, &c.—engravings—internal improvements, railroads, canals—travelling—agriculture, &c. &c. embracing every variety of topics that can possibly be introduced into a public journal.

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier now established for near five years, is, we believe, universally acknowledged to have the largest number of Subscribers,

20,000!!

The largest variety of literature, entertainment and news, as well as being the largest and cheapest newspaper published in the United States. Notwithstanding its enormous dimensions, it is printed on a splendid Napier Steam Press, with unexampled rapidity; thus giving the account of sales markets and news to the latest dates.

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